

## Living Fleshlight

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by [ProblemTurtle](#)

### Summary

George's pet blob, Dream, goes into heat for the second time. George knows what he must do.

*Once every year all blobs go into heat. Normally, animals will search for the opposite gender of their species to mate, but not blobs. Blobs need to be filled with the sperm of a human to reproduce. When George first found out about this during Dream's first heat, he was rather shocked. He had not originally known about this when he got Dream, although the state the heat got the blob in made it nearly impossible for George to not help him.*

*Now Dream is experiencing his second heat with George. Or at least that's what George assumes with him practically leaking all over his desk, seeming more touchy than usual, and being very hot to the touch.*

### Notes

No, I have not made a fic of the first time blob Dream went into heat. No idea why I decided to make this the second time. It just happened I guess lol

George got Dream, his pet blob, a little over a year ago. During that time he has learned quite a bit about blobs. They can't talk, they are very affectionate (at least Dream is), and they require a lot of attention. They can eat pretty much anything humans do and they are intelligent enough to comprehend languages.

And then there are the heats. Once every year all blobs go into heat. Normally, animals will search for the opposite gender of their species to mate, but not blobs. Blobs need to be filled with the sperm of a human to reproduce. When George first found out about this during Dream's first heat, he was rather shocked. He had not originally known about this when he got Dream, although the state the heat got the blob in made it nearly impossible for George to not help him.

Now Dream is experiencing his second heat with George. Or at least that's what George assumes with him practically leaking all over his desk, seeming more touchy than usual, and being very hot to the touch.

"Are you in heat?" George asks softly, leaning down for his face to be more level with the blob. Dream nods slowly in response, blinking with half-lidded eyes up at George. "Should I take care of you?" George asks, making sure he has permission first before doing anything. He receives another nod.

With permission granted, George reaches toward the blob with his hands. One hand gently curls around it to hold it, while the other goes to poke at the hole on its underside. It's already slick, and very easy to slide his finger into. Dream shivers at the penetration, a very visible blush across his face. George gives a small chuckle at the shiver, continuing to finger the blob.

He adds another finger, and once he deems Dream ready, he adds a third. George would hate to ever hurt Dream by going in before the blob was properly stretched, although he must admit that most of this is just to get himself hard. He honestly has a slight suspicion that blobs can't even be hurt by penetration.

Feeling satisfied with his work, and undoubtedly hard, George removes his fingers from Dream. He wipes Dream's juices off on his pants before moving his fingers to unzip those pants, pushing them down to become a heap at his feet. He does the same with his underwear.

The blob jumps slightly in excitement at just the sight of George's cock. George honestly isn't that thick or long in his own opinion, but seeing Dream absolutely lose himself at just the sight of it can seriously give the man a confidence boost. Dream doesn't care. He knows it'll feel good and that's what matters.

George picks Dream up with one hand, placing his hole right on the tip of his dick. He feels Dream's slick cover the head and it causes his breath to hitch. He looks down to study Dream's expression only to find one of want and impatience. George laughs slightly at the mildly frustrated look before he starts to lower Dream down onto his cock.

A moan falls from George's lips at the feeling of the blobs warm, pulsating walls swallowing him up. It's one of the best feelings in the world, and by the fucked-out look on Dream's face, he agrees.

The hand holding Dream starts pulling him up and down along George's shaft. It's slow at first, but the clenching, the heat, the slick, and the looks on the blob's face quickly makes George speed up. He's practically using Dream as a fleshlight but fuck, it feels *so good*.

George feels it. The oncoming orgasm approaching rapidly as he moans and pants into the quiet of the room. "Dream, I'm gonna come" he warns, knowing there's not really any reason to, but doing

so regardless. The blob doesn't react, seemingly too lost in its own sensations to register what was said.

A loud groan sounds throughout the room as George spills nice and deep into his own little personal fleshlight. He humps into the blob in his orgasmic bliss, letting it milk every drop from him. Knowing that Dream will now soon be carrying his little blob babies makes George release a whine, hips bucking one last time.

Once he's done, he leans down to let his head rest on the desk in front of him, breathing heavily. He is still inside of Dream, but Dream seems content enough not to have squeezed or tried to get his attention in any other way yet, so he leaves it be for now.

After George has fully regained his breath, he lifts his head again and looks down at Dream. He is a little surprised to find the blob asleep in his hand, although in hindsight he probably shouldn't have been. He'd imagine being in heat would be quite exhausting.

He decides to leave Dream like that, not wanting to wake the little thing. He manages to carefully kick off his pants and underwear the rest of the way, and also to shuffle into bed, all without slipping out of the blob and waking it up.

The next morning George wakes to see Dream still on his cock, eyes open. For a moment he feels slight concern, wondering if Dream can't get off on his own, but he quickly realizes that that's not the case when he sees the clear contentment on his little blob face.

George carefully moves his hands down to help Dream off his cock and is almost surprised at the lack of cum dripping out of the blob. He knew he had come quite a lot and usually, he gets to see his cum leaking out of Dream. Then the erotic thought comes to mind that Dream's body must have used all his cum. It didn't let a single drop spill. His cock worked like a plug. George flushes at the thought, moving a hand to cover his face.

He's hard again.

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